

THE BOURBON NEWS.

(Nineteenth Year—Established 1881.)
Published every Tuesday and Friday by
WALTER CHAMP, Editor and Owner.
SWIFT CHAMP, Editor and Owner.

THE JUNE BUG.

Thou stupid blockhead, blundering in my face!
Is not the great world wide enough, but thou
Must quit the dusky night where thou'rt at home
To dangle at my lamp, and burn thy wings;
To bang thy goggle eyes with too much light,
And bang thy doltish head 'gainst everything?
Thou meddling fool! thou'rt ever out of place,
No meeting's free from thy disturbing buzz;
No child too timid for thy scaring hum;
No lady's nerves too strung, nor hair too fine
For thee to tangle in with scratchy claws—
There in my ink again!
And now, with pondering look and drabbed feet,
Thou scrawl'st rude lines across an unstained page.
And yet, poor thing! thou dost not mean it so;
The light attracts thee, and thou too wouldst know.
How like we are! This dazzling room to thee—
Why, that's the sunlit world; and we poor men
Do bang our heads 'gainst every wall of it, And wonder why they ache. Our blundering feet
Tramp roughshod over nerves that twinge in pain;
We meddle daily with the mysteries, To frighten timid souls with buzzing talk Of laws of unknown things, and life, and death;
And many a page lies stained with thoughts more rude Than beetles' legs could draw, and less intelligent.
And yet, from out the gloom of our first night,
The primal twilight of our ignorance, 'Twas shining of a light that called us in.
Pardon, fellow-blunderer! Mine's the fault, Impatient of the things I do myself, The fashion only altered. Blunderers both! The one with open book and bruised heart, The other with his broken wings and feet. There, I'll blow out the light; it troubles thee,
And here's a bit of wood to dry thee on. Rest thee a moment till thy dazed head clears;
Then (there's the window open) go in peace—
And may the gentle God, who made us both,
When next I blunder in His mighty face, Do so with me.
—William J. Long, in Outlook.

JUST HIS LUCK

By F. A. Stearns.

"I KNEW it would be so," grumbled Elbert Corey. "It's just my luck!"
"Don't say that, my boy," said his teacher, Mr. Holcomb, who chanced to overhear the remark. "There is no such thing as luck in this world. We are architects of our own fortunes. Things may go against a boy or a man for a long time, but if he is industrious and persevering he is bound to triumph in the end."
But Elbert was in no mood to profit by this homily.
"I don't know about there being no such thing as luck," he said. "I tried as hard for the prize as Frank Bentley did, and I felt pretty sure of getting it; but it was awarded him, and my name wasn't even mentioned."
Mr. Holcomb placed his hand kindly upon the boy's head.
"Never mind, Elbert," he said. "Profit by the lesson. You'll do better next term."
"But I shall not be here next term," was the reply. "Didn't you know that I was going to leave the academy, sir?"
"Why, no," said Mr. Holcomb, in surprise. "How's that?"
"There are so many of us at home that mother thinks she cannot afford to keep me at school any longer, and that I ought to help support the rest, as I am the oldest. So when she learned that Mr. Bentley had obtained a place for Frank in the city she asked him to look for one for me, too, and yesterday she got word that he had found one in the same store where Frank is to be employed."
"And so you and Frank are going to the city together?"
"Yes, sir."
"Well, it will be the beginning of a new life for you. You will be subjected to many temptations of which you now have little idea, and whether you stand or fall rests with yourself. Let me give you a few words of advice. Shall I tell you why, in my opinion, you failed to secure the prize, and why Frank won it?"
"If you please, sir."
"It was because your efforts were spasmodic, and his quiet and steady. He economized his forces, and you did not. Many a man never learns to properly utilize his natural abilities. Let it not be so with you, Elbert. In the new life which you are about to commence, keep this truth always before you: Luck is only another name for hard, well-directed work."
Elbert was not convinced by these words. He was much disappointed by his failure to secure the handsome gold medal offered by the principal of the Elmdale academy to the pupil displaying the greatest proficiency in mathematics. He was of a mercurial temperament, was easily depressed and as easily elated, and he felt, as he had felt many times before when mentally depressed, that luck was against him.
A few days after the conversation which we have related, the two boys, Elbert Corey and Frank Bentley, began their business careers in the office of the great hardware establishment of Holt & Redfield, in New York city. Here, as at school, they soon became general favorites. Their fellow employees liked them because they were good-natured and companionable, and

their employers because they were bright and intelligent and showed a natural aptitude for their work.
In his business life Frank displayed the same qualities that made him successful at school. He worked quietly, steadily and perseveringly, and soon became of real value to the firm, who showed their appreciation of his worth by promoting him at the end of six months.
"Just my luck," grumbled Elbert Corey, who had just begun his new career with an enthusiasm that would have made him quite as successful as his friend had it only lasted—"just my luck! Here I am, still at the foot of the ladder, and I'm sure I deserve promotion just as much as Frank does."
"Of course, you do," said Winston Brown, one of the clerks, to whom he addressed the remark. "You're twice the fellow that Bentley is; but he has managed somehow to get into the good graces of Mr. Holt. Why, the position he's been given is mine by rights. I've earned it, and I'd have had it if Holt wasn't so strongly influenced by his personal likes and dislikes. I don't wonder that you're mad, Corey. Bentley is getting nearly twice the salary that you are now, and there's no justice in it."
Winston Brown was five years Elbert's senior, and was by no means a desirable companion for the boy. He was a man of dissipated habits, and this was the true reason for his non-promotion. Indeed, he would have been discharged from the firm's employ long since had it not been for the fact that he was a relative of the junior partner, Mr. Redfield.
Elbert had never particularly liked him, but these words of sympathy, as he considered them, were very grateful, and he began to think that Brown was a better fellow than he had supposed.
This was the beginning of an intimacy between them, and under his new associate's influence Elbert soon became so negligent of his duties that he was at last very sharply reprimanded by the firm.
"By George, you're in hard luck, Corey!" said Winston Brown to him that evening as they left the store together. "It's rough that you should get such a blowing up on the very same day that Bentley receives his second promotion. You've not been treated fairly."
"Frank Bentley promoted again!" exclaimed Elbert, in astonishment. "You must be mistaken; I haven't heard anything about it!"
"Oh, no, I'm not mistaken. It only happened an hour ago. I chanced to be in the office at the time, and I heard Mr. Holt tell him that he could have the place of Tom Marvin, who is going into business for himself. That means a couple of hundred a year more salary."
"Well, I'm glad to see Frank getting along so well," said Elbert, trying to hide his chagrin.
"Of course you are. But you'd be gladder to see yourself getting along, wouldn't you?" laughed Brown. "But never mind, your chance will come yet. I say," he continued, with a searching glance at his companion's face, "I should think you'd want to get even with the firm for the way they've treated you."
"I do," replied Elbert, his face flushing with anger. "I'd do anything in the world to get square with them. I've been treated very shabbily."
"So you have. Well, maybe I can help you. Who knows? Say, Corey, Bentley is a confidential clerk now—or will be to-morrow, when Marvin leaves."
"Yes."
"Well, he will know the combination of the safe."
"Yes; what of that?"
"Why, can't you find it out? You room with him."
"What good will it do me to find it out?"
"It will be money in your pocket. You find out the combination, and tell me what it is—that's all you have to do. I'll attend to the rest, and you shall have your share of whatever I—"
"You don't mean to say you're thinking of robbing the safe?" exclaimed Elbert, in horror.
"Hush! I didn't say so, did I? Just find out the combination for me, and—"
"I will not do it," said the boy, appalled at the idea his companion's words suggested.
"All right," said Brown; "then let us change the subject. I thought perhaps you'd like to make some money, for I know you're getting deeper into debt every day; but I suppose you know your own business best."
It was true that Elbert was in debt. He had for some time been living beyond his means, and now owed more money than it was likely he would be able to pay for some time to come.
"It isn't worth while pursuing the subject any further," concluded Brown, with an air of indifference. "Besides, here comes my friend Jack Hammond, and I suppose he wants me to play a game of billiards with him."
Jack Hammond was a flashily-dressed man of about 30, whose acquaintance Brown had made in some barroom scarcely a week before. He now came up and entered into conversation with the two young men.
Elbert took his departure a few minutes later, leaving Brown and Hammond to play their game of billiards.
Angry with the whole world, himself included, Elbert returned to the room which he and Frank Bentley occupied in common. Here he found Frank awaiting him.
"Congratulations, Elbert," was his friend's cordial greeting. "I've had another—"
"Another promotion—I know it," was the surly response. "Well, I'm glad of it, of course, but I can't see

any reason why the firm should overlook me entirely."
"Your turn will come," said Frank, cheerfully. "Perhaps I can help you. Now, will you let me give you a little advice, Bert? I think you are getting altogether too intimate with Winston Brown, and—"
"I don't want any of your advice," interrupted Elbert. "I can manage my own affairs. Brown is a good enough fellow in his way."
"I only spoke for your own good, Bert."
"I know you meant well; but don't let's say anything more about it. What's that you're scribbling?" And Elbert arose and looked over his friend's shoulder. "3—16—15. What does that mean?"
"It's the safe combination. I learned it just before I left the store, and I put it down for fear I might forget it. Of course you will not speak of it to anyone."
"Certainly not, Frank."
Elbert Corey lay awake until long after midnight, his mind filled with envious and revengeful thoughts. He believed that he had been treated unjustly, and he determined that he would not bear his wrongs patiently. In the morning he found an opportunity to take Brown aside and ask him:
"What did you want the safe combination for?"
"Have you got it?" asked the man, eagerly.
"Perhaps I have."
"Then let me have it. I promise you I won't get you into any scrape, and if the scheme I have in my mind works you will make a good thing of it."
"I don't want to get Bentley into trouble."
"That's all right. What is the combination?"
In reply Elbert handed him a slip of paper upon which he had copied Frank's memorandum. Brown hastily thrust it into his vest pocket, saying: "Mum's the word!"
It was not until he had given up the paper that the boy realized the seriousness of the crime he had been persuaded to commit. He had betrayed his friend's trust, he had perhaps made himself the accomplice of a thief. Yet he could not believe that Brown really intended to rob the safe. But for what other purpose could he want the combination?
Elbert returned to his desk, his brain in a whirl. Several times that day he tried to get an opportunity to speak with Brown, but the fellow seemed to purposely avoid him. He returned home that night a very unhappy boy, and slept but little.
"You're wanted in the office, Corey," said one of the clerks to him on his arrival at the store the next morning. "Something's up, but I don't know what."
In the private office of the firm Elbert found Mr. Holt, Frank Bentley's friend, Hammond.
"Corey," was the senior partner's abrupt greeting, "do you know where Winston Brown is?"
"No, sir," stammered the boy.
"Well, I can tell you. He is in jail. He was caught last night in the act of robbing the safe. This man"—indicating Hammond—"who is a detective, arrested him. We have suspected him of robbing us of small sums for many weeks, and for the last fortnight he has been under the surveillance of Mr. Sharp."
"Otherwise Hammond," added that individual, "I saw you give him the paper containing the combination—you didn't imagine I was near, did you—and here it is. Do you deny your handwriting?"
"No," said Elbert. "I wrote it, but—"
"I do not think you realized the enormity of the crime you were committing," interrupted Mr. Holt, "or I should place you under arrest. But your friend Bentley has interceded in your behalf, and I am going to give you the benefit of the doubt which exists. You may remain in my employ, Corey, but you will be watched, and should I find you unworthy of my leniency I shall show you no mercy. You may go."
For many weeks Elbert knew that he was under surveillance, but he felt that he had had a narrow escape, and had no right to complain. He resolved to profit by the lesson he had received, and he succeeded so well that at the expiration of a twelve-month he was promoted to a position only second to that held by Bentley.
"I used to be always complaining of my ill luck, Frank," he said, "and the more I complained the worse luck I had. But just as soon as I put my shoulder to the wheel everything seemed to change for the better. I wish I'd made up my mind sooner to profit by those words of Mr. Holcomb's: 'Luck is only another name for hard, well-directed work.'—Golden Days."
Not Law, But Gospel.
Clergyman of the past often had traits of individuality which are perhaps not so common at the present day. Archbishop Sumner was once holding a confirmation in an English parish church, when he observed that a number of people were standing in the aisles, although several pews were empty. He stopped the service, and asked the reason.
"The pews are private property," answered a man, "and they're shut up."
"There can be no such thing," said the bishop, authoritatively. "Let the pews be opened."
"We can't open 'em!" shouted some one. "They're locked."
"Is there a locksmith here?"
"Yes, my lord."
"Very well, let him remove the locks. A hymn shall be sung meanwhile."
So the locks were removed, the audience seated itself, and the confirmation went on.—Youth's Companion.

G. W. DAVIS,
FURNITURE!
CARPETS,
WALL PAPER, ETC.
FUNERAL FURNISHINGS.

Calls for Ambulance Attended to Promptly.

Day Phone, 137.

Night, 100.

FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

PIKE CAMPBELL, Manager.

Centrally located. Convenient to business portion of city and all theatres. Only good hotel in Louisville giving \$2 rate. Excellent service. 13cct. 3m.

ATTENTION, CITIZENS.

Now is the time to bring in your engines, mowers and farm machinery for repairs. Also Mower and binder blades. And don't forget your lawn mowers, gas and oil stoves which I will make as good as new. Gas, steam and water pipe fitting. Steel ranges repaired. All work guaranteed.

NEWHALL'S MACHINE SHOP

Cor. Third and Pleasant St.

JOHN CONNELLY,
PLUMBER,
PARIS, KENTUCKY.

Work guaranteed satisfactory. Calls promptly answered. Your work is solicited. Prices, reasonable.

HOTEL REED,

LEXINGTON, KY.,

JAS. CONNOR, Prop.

Newly furnished and improved. Service excellent. Rate, \$3 per day. Headquarters for Bourbon people.



THE DIRECT LINE BETWEEN

CINCINNATI

AND CHICAGO,

..... VIA.....

INDIANAPOLIS

..... AND.....

MONON ROTE,

Connecting at Chicago for the

NORTH AND WEST,

And at Cincinnati with all Roads for

SOUTHERN CITIES

AND THE

Health and Pleasure Resorts of FLORIDA, CALIFORNIA AND MEXICO.

Four trains weekdays, three Sundays, CINCINNATI and CHICAGO.

Cafe Cars, Pullman Compartment, and Standard Sleepers.

Any Agent or Representative of the C. H. & D. will be pleased to furnish information, or address,

D. G. EDWARDS,

Passenger Traffic Manager,

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

KIDNEY DISEASES

are the most fatal of all diseases.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE is a

Guaranteed Remedy

or money refunded. Contains remedies recognized by eminent physicians as the best for Kidney and Bladder troubles.

PRICE 50c. and \$1.00.

CLARKE & KENNEY.

Big Four Route

Magnificent Vestibuled Trains with unequalled Dining Car Service to

CHICAGO,

Lake Front Entrance.

ST. LOUIS,

Via Merchants Bridge (No. Tunnel)

BOSTON,

Only Through Sleeping Car Line.

NEW YORK,

Only Depot in the City.

Fast Schedules,

Fine Equipment,

Smooth Tracks

WARREN J. LYNCH,

Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

W. P. DEPPE,
A. G. P. & Tkt. Agt.

J. E. REEVES, Gen. Southern Agt.
CINCINNATI, O.

WINCHESTER

Factory Loaded Shotgun Shells.

"LEADER" and "REPEATER" loaded with Smokeless powder and "NEW RIVAL" loaded with Black powder. Superior to all other brands for

UNIFORMITY, RELIABILITY AND
STRONG SHOOTING QUALITIES.

Winchester Shells are for sale by all dealers. Insist upon having them when you buy and you will get the best.

See Our New Mantel Room.

ARTISTIC MANTELS

FINE TILES, FRAMES

GRATE BASKETS.

Our stock is entirely new. We can suit you.

M. P. MILWARD Mantle Depot.
LEXINGTON, KY.

B. F. MONDAY.

J. F. MONDAY.

THE ART STONEWORK CO.

B. F. MONDAY, Manager.

Layers of Cement Work, Artificial Stone Sidewalks, Plain Flagging, Slaughter-house, Ice-house and Cellars.

All kinds of drainage pipe laid, Carriage Steps, Cistern tops, lawn work and pavements a specialty. Curb stone, gutter flagging, drip, step stones, fireplaces, etc. Dealer in English, German and Portland Cement, &c.

Address B. F. MONDAY, Paris, Ky.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

(IN KENTUCKY)

Condensed Schedule in Effect May 20, 1900.

EASTBOUND.		No. 1.	No. 5.	No. 3.
Lv Louisville	7:45am	4:00pm	7:45pm	
Ar Shelbyville	9:10am	5:32pm	9:05pm	
Ar La renee	9:30am	6:32pm	9:40pm	
Ar Versailles	10:16am	6:47pm	10:43pm	
Ar Lexington	10:45am	7:15pm	10:33pm	

WESTBOUND.		No. 6.	No. 2.	No. 4.
Lv Lexington	7:30am	7:30pm	5:15am	
Ar Versailles	7:55am	8:02pm	5:35am	
Ar La renee	8:20am	8:33pm	5:55am	
Ar Shelbyville	9:10am	9:13pm	6:30pm	
Ar Louisville	10:45am	7:40pm	7:50pm	

EASTBOUND.		No. 13.	No. 11.	STATIONS.	No. 12.	No. 14.
4:00pm	7:45am	Lv Louisville	Ar	7:40pm	10:40am	
7:15pm	10:55am	Lv Louisville	Ar	5:30pm	8:10am	
7:30pm	10:55am	Lv Louisville	Ar	4:40pm	7:20am	
7:40pm	11:00am	Lv Louisville	Ar	4:30pm	7:10am	

EASTBOUND.		No. 15.	No. 67.	STATIONS.	No. 16.	No. 68.
4:00pm	7:45am	Lv Louisville	Ar	7:40pm	10:40am	
5:32pm	9:10am	Lv Louisville	Ar	9:10am	6:15pm	
6:40pm	10:25am	Lv Louisville	Ar	7:50pm	8:02pm	
7:10pm	11:10am	Lv Louisville	Ar	7:30pm	3:40pm	
7:40pm	11:50am	Lv Louisville	Ar	7:00pm	3:10pm	

EASTBOUND.		No. 1.	No. 5.	STATIONS.	No. 6.	No. 2.
7:45am	4:00pm	Lv Louisville	Ar	10:40am	7:40pm	
10:25am	6:30pm	Lv Louisville	Ar	7:50pm	8:02pm	
11:02am	7:35pm	Lv Louisville	Ar	6:58am	4:05pm	
11:50pm	8:30pm	Lv Louisville	Ar	6:05am	3:10pm	
1:00pm		Lv Louisville	Ar	7:40pm	1:50pm	

STATIONS.		No. 1.	No. 3.
Lv Louisville	7:45am	7:45pm	
Ar Lexington	10:45am	10:30pm	
Ar Knoxville	7:00pm	7:45am	
Ar Asheville	5:10am	1:10pm	
Ar Savannah		5:15am	
Ar Jacksonville		9:25am	

STATIONS.		No. 1.	No. 3.
Lv Chattanooga	6:05pm	6:35am	
Ar Macon	10:25pm	11:50am	
Ar Jacksonville	12:55pm	3:25pm	
Ar Jacksonville	8:30am	10:00pm	
Lv Chattanooga	6:10pm	6:45am	
Ar Birmingham	10:05pm	11:45am	
Ar Meridian	2:30am	8:30pm	
Ar New Orleans	8:30am		

No. 3, through sleeping car Louisville to Birmingham, via Lexington and Chattanooga.

No. 5 free observation chair-car Louisville to Lexington.

No. 6, free observation chair-car Lexington to Louisville.

No. 4, sleeping-car Birmingham to Louisville, via Lexington.

All trains between Louisville, Lexington and Burgin daily.

Between Versailles and Georgetown Nos. 13 and 16 daily. Nos. 67 and 68 daily, except Sunday.

Between Versailles, Nicholasville, Richmond and Irvine daily, except Sunday.

Daily except Sunday. Other trains daily.

F. S. GANNON, 30 V. P. & G. M. J. M. CULP, T. M. Washington, D. C. Washington, D. C.

W. A. TURK, G. P. A. W. M. H. TAYLOR, A. G. P. A. Washington, D. C. Louisville, Ky.

SUMMER TOURS

—TO—

EUROPE.

Personally conducted parties leaving New York about twice a month, commencing April 28th. Guides interpreters, carriage and hotel accommodations furnished parties attending Paris Exposition. For rates and other information call on or address

J. D. FEENEY, Jr., Agt.
Paris, Ky.

A NEW TRAIN WEST

The "St. Louis Limited" VIA

BIG FOUR

TO TEXAS, KANSAS, and MISSOURI

Leave Cincinnati... 12.20 noon.
Arrive Indianapolis... 3.25 p. m.
Arrive St. Louis... 9.45 p. m.

PARLOR CARS.

MODERN COACHES.

DINING CARS.

Ask for Tickets via Big Four Route.

WARREN J. LYNCH,
Genl. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

W. P. DEPPE, A. G. P. & T. Agt.

J. E. REEVES, Genl. Southern Agent,
Cincinnati, O.

C. C. CLARK, T. P. A., Chattanooga.

Kodol

Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat

Artificially digests the food and aids Nature in strengthening and reconstructing the exhausted digestive organs. It is the latest discovered digestant and tonic. No other preparation can approach it in efficiency. It instantly relieves and permanently cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn, Flatulence, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Sick Headache, Gastralgia, Cramps, and all other results of imperfect digestion.

Prepared by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago.

W. T. BROOKS.

My agency insures against fire, wind and storm—best old reliable, prompt paying companies—non-union.

W. O. HINTON, Agent.

\$2 WORTH OF PRESENTS

For 50c worth of work. We are giving away Watches, Bicycles, Sewing Machines, Guns, &c., to introduce our paper, PASTIME, a high class illustrated family paper of from 16 to 32 large pages; 64 to 128 columns of Choice Good Stories, Literature, Art, Humor, Letters of Travel in Foreign Lands, &c., &c. And all you have to do to get \$42 worth of presents is to get 20 subscribers at 10c each. Send 10c in stamps for full particulars, long list of presents and our paper, PASTIME, for 6 months. Address THE PASTIME CO., Louisville, Ky.

aug-30-19